



## Of Universities Mediaeval and Modern

### III. The Studies of Universities.

THE studies of universities have always fallen into two divisions, the practical and the disinterested. By the practical I mean all those with an ulterior motive, viz. the equipment of students for earning money, and hunting the beast called success. To-day we have three whole faculties, in most of our universities, devoted to that object. At McGill there are Applied Science, Medicine and Law, and possibly Theology might also be included. In the middle ages they were not much different, for although there was no Applied Science, thank Heaven, there was law in even greater prominence and wider diversity. There was Medicine and there was Theology. Theology and one half of Law, the Canon Law, were studies enabling men to enter the Holy Catholic Church, which, in the later Middle Ages, shared with the profession of Arms, the worldliness, and consequent popularity of the business life of to-day. I have been unable to find much fundamental difference between the Medicine of the Middle Ages and that of to-day. Note carefully that I say fundamental, and that we are considering this from the point of view of universities. Details and methods may have been, and no doubt were, very different in the Middle Ages from those of today; but the Mediaeval student, just as the modern student, learnt certain wonderful and fearful formulae, whose operation was supposed to cure disease. In the Middle Ages they thought that much disease was under the influence of the stars, and movements of heavenly bodies, and, in general, they said that a man's body was composed of four substances called humours, a superabundance of any of which would cause the condition known as disease. To-day the fashion has changed, and modern doctors will tell you that it is exclusively terrestrial matters which affect the physical condition, while a more elaborate superstition, seemingly less rational, has been substituted for the theory of the humours.

But these are sordid matters. My readers are, I hope and feel sure, not concerned with these studies, whose shame is that they only help a man to make money. In the Middle Ages there were also students of Arts, and perhaps the divergence between their interests and ours is greater than in the case of practical studies. They studied the Latin language, poor fellows, but they at least studied it for a good reason—and that was to enable them to speak and read it—whereas to-day we only wish to pass an examination in it. And it was essential for them to speak and read it, for in those days the universities of Europe were an international order, and Latin was their universal tongue, and this I think you will not deny was an excellent thing, for it served to broaden the interests of all university students, and to help them to be what they should always be—the intellectual aristocracy. They also stu-

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## OF TRUTH

A. P. R. Coulborn.

UNFORTUNATELY I have never been able to find a language having no word to express "Truth." But indeed a moment's reflection shows that it is foolish to expect to find one such, since the absence would presuppose the absence from the minds of the race speaking the language of ideas associated with "truth", and such a race would be so vastly superior to all those, which do waste their time on such nonsense, that by the law of selection they would have crowded the others out long ago.

The Romans are the only people who seem ever to have neared the state of complete bliss. The only section of their populace which made much use of the term "veritas" was the lawyers, and they employed it, in the only way in which it should be employed by intelligent persons, namely as a sort of conjuring trick. When Pilate asked the rhetorical question "What is truth?" he thereby identified himself with all that was best in his race, or in any race for

## The Forgotten World

THE trees are wide awake to-night  
And on my chamber wall,  
Where on a field of misty white  
The arc lamp thrusts a slab of light  
Strange dark things leap and sprawl.

And leafy accents come to me:  
You who sleep your life away,—  
Life is a wilder shape than we,  
Truth is a ghost we cannot see  
In the sun's light any day.

And yet, misguided weary thing  
Dream-laden, adrift on the deep,  
Our thrilling words are whispering  
Of naught to you; they only bring  
A prose and tranquil sleep.

—W. H.

that matter, and showed his superiority to other men.

I rather fancy that the origin of all the popular cant about truth is to be found in moral cowardice. Shame is of course only moral cowardice, and most people who have spent their lives in thinking have been ashamed of it, and have postulated the existence of the highly desirable unknown quantity called "truth" to excuse themselves before others. I deplore this. While admitting freely that all men who think are utter fools, I see nothing to be ashamed of in being a fool. To achieve a high order of foolishness seems to me to be in every way the most laudable object an intelligent young man may set himself in life. (I am, I hope, not being banal.) It is by laying an unreal stress upon the problematical termination of an argument that innocent persons have been led into the error of expecting to get somewhere as a result of their inquiries.

And, further, this mania for truth has obscured many perfectly plain issues. The famous discussion about

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## The Poetry of Harry

A Critical Examination

IT is now nearly two years since a critic of more than ordinary acumen writing in the McGill Daily first drew the attention of the discriminating reading public to the poetry of Harry, the diminutive gentleman whose ubiquitous dustpan and broom wage valiant warfare against the ever-present demon of dirt that would, were it not for his heroic efforts, engulf the Arts Building completely. Harry is well-known to most of the men in Arts, and occupies a unique place in their hearts. For the benefit of those who are interested, he often recites, or rather chants, his latest poem in the rapt voice of the true ecstatic. He is not, however, solely a poet. He is an enthusiastic Shakespearean scholar. Harry has a knowledge of the works of the immortal bard that might be the envy of a Ph.D., and can quote scene after scene from the dramas. Begin at what line you like, Harry will be able to give you the next one, and continue going. He has a sincere love for the

"Colder, ever colder,  
More frost and snow,  
More shivering and shaking  
Of human forms below,  
More tingling feet and toes,  
More frozen hands, ears, nose—  
Oh, how the biting wind blows.  
Oh, Canada!"

It is not always, unfortunately, that Harry achieves the frozen beauty of such lyricism, but like that of Bliss Carman, his later work has in many cases become charged with a deep meaning. In many of his recent poems, he is the mouthpiece of a high philosophy, preaching the ultimate reality of life's struggle toward some tangible and higher goal. Notice the impression made upon the mind of the poet by the imposing ceremonies of convocation. Would that our graduates could be made to take it so seriously. These verses are called "Thoughts re Convocation Procession."

"What means this eager, anxious throng,  
Moving with dignity along,  
Learned men, and women grave and gay—  
What means this great procession, pray?  
In accents hushed, the graduates reply,  
'Our hour of triumph draweth nigh.'

"The hour of triumph, the dream of years,  
Reward of mental labours, and of tears,  
Enjoyment of conquest over science and thought,  
And great lessons from history taught,  
Ye graduates, gladly to the Capitol go,  
Receive degrees conferred with honour and show.

"Ye graduates of dear old McGill,  
May you achieve prosperity at will,  
A prosperity which will ennoble the soul;  
For life is real and has a goal,  
So give to the world your best,  
Then graduate to higher honours and rest."

Like Malvolio, you see, Harry thinks nobly of the soul. As he puts it in another poem,  
"There is a home; for the span of life  
Cannot satisfy the desires of the soul,  
Life's fitful fever never ends,  
But changes towards its goal."

In a lighter vein, Harry is perhaps at his best. The following "Examination Song," written in a sort of rhyming free verse, and set to the tune of Swanee River, is one which you should ask Harry himself to sing. He does it superbly, seriously, with just the faint hint of a mock-heroic smile, as he puts this song of examinations into the mouth of a distracted freshman.

1

"I live for those who love me,  
And for the exams that are to come,  
I earnestly hope to pass,  
Although my mind is rather dumb,  
Oh, if the study of various subjects  
Was as pleasant as games or girls,  
I would attain to great distinction  
In the academic world.

Chorus:

"I live for those who love me,  
And for the exams that are to come,  
I earnestly hope to pass,  
Although my mind is rather dumb,  
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poetry of his great forerunner, and has an understanding that allows him to make use of appropriate quotations with telling effect, a fact which seems all the more remarkable when it is remembered that Harry left school at the age of ten.

Since Harry's "S.O.S. Call",—lines suggested by the falling of the ceiling in the Faculty Room, appeared two years ago, no work of his had been published up to a few days ago when a poem from his pen was read at a meeting of the Classical Club, and quoted next day in the news columns of the Daily. In the past twenty-four months his muse has not by any means been idle. As the poems which follow will show, Harry has achieved a more complete command of technique, a more classic diction, and a more even flow of rhythm than was exhibited in his earlier work. Note the cold beauty of this little lyric entitled "Winter in Canada." Read it slowly aloud, or chant it solemnly to the tune of O Canada, an air to which many of Harry's songs are set. Does not each line, each image float as gently, as whitely, down as the icy crystal of a snowflake?



## The McGill Daily Literary Supplement

Published on Wednesdays during the academic year by the McGill Daily, the Official Organ of the Student's Society of McGill University

Editor: A. J. M. SMITH  
Associate Editor: OTTO KLINEBERG

Contributions are welcomed from all members of the University. Articles submitted should be written on one side of the paper, and should be addressed to the Editor, the MCGILL DAILY LITERARY SUPPLEMENT.

VOL. I, No. 8

November 26, 1924

### The French Theatre

SINCE Samuel Butler made our city notorious by coupling its name with the deity in that ringing curse against Philistinism, "O God, O Montreal!" we have shown no very sincere sign of amending our ways. The Discobolus may yet be covered with dust in the back room of an obscure museum for all anyone here knows or cares. Our theatre-going public flocks for seven weeks to see "Abie's Irish Rose" during the summer, and in the winter gets a surfeit of light musical plays and vaudeville, because these are the only offerings that can be sure of paying expenses here. Meanwhile the Community Players are forced to suspend their activities, and Chaliapin cancels his engagement at the St. Denis. The moving pictures draw capacity houses.

For the sake of justice mention must be made of one or two pleasing exceptions. St. Joan was given the welcome the play and its interpretation deserved. Charlot's Revue, which must not be confused with the ordinary frothy girl-and-music show, is being received with an enthusiasm that makes one think that perhaps, after all, wit and satire cleverly produced are not wholly as pearls before swine. But the exceptions are too few and far between.

We, in Montreal, however, are not so unfortunate as might at first appear. We have the honour of living in the fourth largest French-speaking city in the world; and, as a result, have had, and will have again next week an opportunity of seeing a remarkable series of classic and modern French plays. Pierre Magnier and the players from the Porte St. Martin have just concluded their stay at the Orpheum, where we have been given a representative selection of all that is best in the French drama of the past forty years from Sardou and Dumas fils, to Rostand and Sacha Guitry. They have gone now, and we can only pay them a passing tribute, expressing the hope that they will return as soon as possible to save us from "Bringing up Father in Ireland."

It is to the French-speaking theatre-goers too, that we owe our next opportunity of seeing something really worth while. Firmin Gemier, director of the Odeon Theatre, Paris, and admittedly one of the greatest French actors of today is coming to Montreal next week in a repertoire of French plays and French versions of Shakespeare. To see France's finest actor in "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" and "The Taming of the Shrew" is an opportunity that should not be missed.

One of the most significant facts about Gemier is that he has made the Odeon perhaps the most modern and revolutionary theatre in Paris. This playhouse is controlled by the state, and Gemier, as stage-manager, is a servant of the state. He came to New York at the invitation of the American government, and he comes here as a guest of the Quebec Provincial Government. This is Utopian socialism successfully put into practice. Let us give it the support it deserves.

### The Players Club

IT will be a source of great gratification to all who are interested in the drama and its relation to life to know that a players' club has at last come into existence again at McGill.

That the Red and White Revue will ultimately be the production of such a club in the future it seems only logical to expect. But this must never be allowed to become the sole or principal work of the organisation, and this year while the members of the club will no doubt take some part in the staging and acting of the revue, the players will first have to justify themselves by the production of one or two serious plays.

## The Autobiography of Mark Twain

A REVIEW

The Autobiography of Mark Twain,  
2 vols; New York, Harper & Brothers.

FOR many years premonitions and rumours have been preparing us for the appearance of an autobiography of Mark Twain which was to be so startling in its self-revelation and in its disclosures of the intimate secrets of contemporary life that much time must elapse before its publication would be safe. Specimens—no very startling, it is true—were exposed to the public nearly twenty years ago in the pages of the "North American Review." Now comes the completed work, the "voice from the grave" in two fat volumes of more than seven hundred pages—and the equipolse of the universe remains undisturbed.

The arrangement of the material is to put it mildly, eccentric. Mr. Clemens began writing these reminiscences as long ago as 1870, and kept it up at intervals from that time until just before his death. In the later years he adopted the method of dictation to a stenographer in the presence of Achates Boswell Paine himself, in the meanwhile, reposing comfortably in bed and enjoying a big black cigar.

Whatever was uppermost in his mind at the moment, whether it happened in his piloting days on the Mississippi or whether it was a trivial contemporary event, of which he had read in that morning's "Tribune," he dumped it in with no regard to sequence or chronology. He was a lazy man, and naturally in the course of time he converted this procedure into what he apparently regarded as a new type of autobiography. Twenty years after the first pages were written he describes the method in some detail: "start at no particular time of your life; wander at your own free will all over your life; talk only about the things which interest you for the moment; drop it the moment its interests threatens to pall, and turn your talk upon the new and most interesting thing that has intruded itself into your mind meantime."

Even that astute critic Mr. Stuart Sherman, seems to think that Mark Twain was on the verge of stumbling upon a new literary genre. But is the method so novel as it is represented to be? A century ago Walter Scott began his Journal with these words: "I have bethought myself, on seeing lately some volumes of Byron's notes, that he had probably hit upon the right way of keeping such a memorandum book, by throwing aside all pretense of regularity and order, and marking down events

just as they occurred to recollection."

It cannot fairly be said that the autobiography adds to our knowledge of Mark Twain. As various critics have pointed out, it is essentially less autobiographic than "Innocents Abroad," "Roughing It," "Tom Sawyer," "Life on the Mississippi," and "Huckleberry Finn." Even Mark himself apparently balked, when put to the test, at the ideal autobiography. Here is his reaction: "I have thought of fifteen hundred or two thousand incidents in my life which I am ashamed of, but I have not gotten one of them to go on paper yet. I think that that stock will still be complete, when I finish this autobiography, if I ever finish it."

However, if Mark does not give us an autobiography, he does give us fascinating biographies of his wife, his daughter, his brother and other friends and relatives. Much of this material could be pleaded in corroboration of Mr. Van Wyck Brooks's fundamental thesis in the "Ordeal of Mark Twain." Mr. Brooks's psychoanalysis, it will be remembered reached the conclusion that Clemens suffered from repression owing to his efforts to live up to the ideal of his mother, his wife, the late William Dean Howells, and his social position as son-in-law of the leading retail coal-dealer in Elmira, New York.

The much discussed bitterness and pessimism of his later years prove to be little more than a humorous pose. He condemned men, and he liked men, and in spite of his numerous unfortunate business adventures (he lost \$190,000 trying to make a type-setting machine set type), he was pretty well satisfied with this world, and his most unqualified admiration was for successful men of affairs. The psychoanalyst might take another look at Col. Mulberry Sellers. Mark Twain himself could easily be led to believe that there were "millions in it."

But why is it necessary that Mark Twain should be canonized? He got along for a generation as the favorite author of millions of the less sophisticated of his fellow-countrymen. Twenty-five years ago or so the literateurs discovered him, and, as is their way, proceeded to make him into a myth. Nevertheless, he still remains a great humorist with extraordinary felicity of expression who, although he could and did use the slap-stick, was able to produce his effects, when he pleased, without any meretricious assistance. High-brow and low-brow can get together in their enjoyment of Mark Twain.

—DAMOETAS.

### Moonlight

THE far moon maketh lovers wise  
In her pale beauty trembling down,  
Lending curved cheeks, dark lips,  
dark eyes,

A strangeness not her own.  
And though they shut their lids to kiss,  
In starless darkness peace to win,  
Even on that secret world from this  
Her twilight enters in.

—Walter de la Mare

I that so long  
Was nothing from eternity,  
Did little think such joys of ear or  
tongue

To celebrate or see:  
Such sounds to hear, such hands to  
feel, such feet  
Beneath the skies on such a ground to  
meet,

—Thomas Traherne

To see a world in a grain of sand,  
And a heaven in a wild flower;  
Hold infinity in the palm of your hand,  
And eternity in an hour.

—William Blake

### Shrewsbury Jail

THERE sleeps in Shrewsbury Jail  
tonight,  
Or wakes, as may betide,  
A better lad, if things went right,  
Than most that sleep outside.

And naked to the hangman's noose  
The morning clocks will ring  
A neck God made for other use  
Than strangling on a string.

—A. E. Housman



## Witty Satire, Song and Comedy in Charlot's Revue

At last the ideal revue! Wit and delicate satire interpreted perfectly in song and pantomime; some of the most priceless little playlets ever written for the delight of people who enjoy Punch; two of the most adorable girls who have ever smiled their way into the hearts of an audience; several other enthusiastic superlatives which may be used to describe the charm and beauty of the chorus, the comedy work of Mr. Herbert Mundin, the staging of the whole revue, and the speed and snap with which the twenty-two numbers are run off — this is a sketchy summary of the many good things in Andre Charlot's *Revue of 1924* which by some strange miracle has reached Montreal from London via New York.

The whole thing is so witty, so delightfully jolly, so informal, that before the end of the evening you feel as though you were being entertained by a crowd of unusually talented friends at a little party staged in your honour. The curtain goes up, and on they come, one by one. Gertrude Lawrence, tall and fair, who somehow or other gets the whole significance and emotion of a song or word in a little sidelong smile or wink that only some friend in the audience is meant to see; Beatrice Lillie, dark and petite and impudent with a serious mock gravity that is even unimpaired when her voice goes soaring two or three octaves higher than it should, and she has to loosen her collar and visibly drag it down again — and when she smiles! — Herbert Mundin and his face; and Sam Hardy. But Gertrude Lawrence and Beatrice Lillie have enchanted us so completely that we can write with the enthusiasm that they all deserve of no others.

The show itself is clever in its every act. As soon as the principals are properly introduced they stage a little drama of jealousy, that "Green Eyed Monster," in which Sam Hardy shoots Herbert Mundin, an innocent dancing master, whom he discovers with his arms (only professionally) around dear Gertrude Lawrence, his wife. The avenging husband's strong silent pose after the fatal deed is done is perfect burlesque. Embarrassed by the fact that they have no encore ready, the players decide to do the thing backwards. The shot is fired, the dead man falls up. The husband goes to the phone and says goodbye, continues his conversation backwards, says hello, asks for the number, hangs up the receiver, and the phone bell rings. And every word of the dialogue is repeated backwards in a strange comic gibberish. Among the other most amusing skits is "Telling Benny," in which an old Yorkshire farmer undertakes to tell Herbert Mundin, as his peculiarly idiotic adolescent son, a few of the "facts of life." (Benny be gawwin' oop t' be a man, naow, and he aught t' be taold aboot things.) What Benny finally is told brings down the house. Then in another act we are shown the sad fate of the man who secured a machine to indicate when his wife was lying.

The best songs fall to the lot of Beatrice Lillie and Gertrude Lawrence, while in them all the chorus does sterling work. It is a rare pleasure to hear an ensemble that has a really beautiful intonation. There is nothing of the harsh nasal twang here that we usually associate with the American revue chorus. Every word is soft and clear and distinct. The art of Beatrice Lillie lies in pure burlesque. As Lady Kitty in "There's Life in the Old Girl Yet" one would have said she was, at her best, until one saw her as Britannia, is a screamingly funny satire on

the usual spectacular, flag-waving pseudo-patriotic revue scene. The bored and blasé air of the chorus girls who tried to push the struggling frantic, serious Britannia off the stage was a master touch. As a cockney waitress and a tough girl craving for a cave man to knock her about she was almost as good. In the course of the latter song, when the desired mate arrived he chased her over the footlights, and she took a momentary refuge on the lap of an old gentleman in the front row, just missing Professor Leacock by about three seats. Even thus does fame miss us by a hair's breadth.

Gertrude Lawrence is, perhaps, an even finer artist. She puts a very ecstasy, a young love, a joy breaking into little laughs and tender looks into her interpretation of such a song as "I was meant for you," and her dance at its close becomes a Bacchic dance of joy in life, yet tempered with a strong sense of modern drawing-room sophistication that is perfect art. Then, too, mention must be made of her singing of "I don't know," a delicately risqué song that turns out to be not quite so naughty as you thought. In "Limehouse Blues" we see why the London critics hold her to be one of our most promising young actresses, and predict a future for her in serious drama should she ever desert revue (which God forbid!)

Next to the ladies, Herbert Mundin deserves the most praise. He is a little man with a comically serious face, and a great part of the best comedy lies upon his shoulders. As the idiotic boy, Benny, and as a shy country swain singing an absurdly foolish duet called "I Might" (Then Again I might Not), with Gertrude Lawrence he brought a wealth of comic talent to parts which were in themselves eminently humorous.

This is only the barest outline of a few of the outstanding features in Charlot's Revue. It is a show in which every number is better than good, in which every member of the company is worthy. Charlot's Revue, by virtue of its typical English type of humour, by its adequate staging and acting, must rank with the *Chauve-Souris* and "Shuffle Along" as the best of a certain national type. Pawn your watch if need be, and go to His Majesty's this week. Just to hear Beatrice Lillie and Gertrude Lawrence sing one song is worth the price of admission.

—A. J. M. S.

## The Poetry of Harry

(Continued from page one)

"I live for future examinations,  
And resolve to play the part  
Of rising at the stern command of duty

To study with firm mind and heart.  
Should my labours prove a failure,  
May I recollect with glad surprise  
To deserve success is better than achieve it,

And feel my lowly spirit's rise.

Chorus:

"I live, etc."

Harry's staunch love for McGill,  
and more especially for the venerable Arts Building, his idealisation of the common tasks of every day, and his command of rare and intricate verse forms are well illustrated in the fine "Thoughts Suggested when Painting the Floors of the Dear Old Arts Building with a Temperature of 84 Degrees in the Shade."

"Wait until the floors are painted,  
boys,

Wait until the noble work is done,

We must paint the floors this year,  
boys,

## The Realm of Music

### Anna Case

The people who attend Anna Case's recitals may be divided into three categories. First, the women who go to study her costumes. Second, the men who admire her beauty. And third, the men and women who delight in her singing. It was an audience composed chiefly of the latter which heard her last Sunday afternoon. Case has not sung here for many years but in the time that has elapsed since then she has lost little of her beauty and the pleasing quality of her voice.

The programme began with a group of old Italian songs in the vein of Bach, in which she exhibited little other than correctness of technique. The *Aria* from *Mersalina* by Pallovincino was the best, Case giving it a happy interpretation punctuated by humorous mannerisms.

German and Italian songs composed the next group, beginning with Handel's lovely *Care Salve*, a song to which the singer did full justice giving it the warmth and colour which had been entirely lacking in other selections. Then came *Patron Das Nacht Der Wind* by Bach, a queer crisp little thing. This was followed by a beautiful rendering of the *Porgi Amor* from the *Marriage of Figaro*. Mozart's *Alleluja* completed the group.

The French songs were delightful. *Pannure aux Talons d'Or* was dramatically sung. But it was in the singing of the next two songs that Case really captured the hearts of her audience. The first of these was the beautiful lilting melody *Chanson Legere* followed by the exquisite *Beau Reve* of Flegler. Anna Case sang both very quietly with great care for phrasing and colour. Her softer passages were quite remarkable and in these two songs especially so. *Mon Moulin* was the last of the group, a song chiefly notable for its brilliant accompaniment.

Far too short was the English group Case sang both, "Joy" and "Lilacs" extremely well. "Listening" was very beautifully done. She sang it with all the delicacy of a piece of old lace. Huntington Terry's "Answer" was glorious. But it was in the encore "Night Wind" that Anna Case reached the heights. "Night Wind" is a song only a meagre handful of artists can sing, a weird mysterious beautiful thing. She sang it as I have never heard it sung before. One could

For the new Arts Building is not yet begun.

But, like the great sea-serpent,  
We hear about it every year.

"Wait until the floors are painted,  
boys,  
Work with heart, head, stomach and hand,

For the strong smell of floor paint  
Will test what the human stomach  
can stand.

Work until the last beam fadeth,  
Screw your courage to its starting  
point,

To beautify the Dear Old Arts Building

Make it life's ambition and delight."

We trust that through the medium of these quotations a greater number of poetry lovers will come to know the work of Harry, and that what has hitherto been the esoteric possession of only the discerning few will find an ever widening circle of admirers. If this could be achieved, the work of the critic would be well repaid.

—A. J. M. S.

## Average Offering at the Princess

THE bill at the Princess this week is just about up to the average level. There are one or two good acts, one or two poor ones, and the rest are passable. On the whole, a fair evening's entertainment, but nothing to write home about.

Alma Neilson is accompanied by Dan B. Ely, Dave Rice and the Frivolity Five who assist her in presenting songs and dances and orchestral numbers of real merit. An eccentric sailor dance by Ely and Rice, and the acrobatic dancing of Miss Neilson were particularly pleasing.

The "Yip Yip Yaphankers" with John Rothary and Frank Melino offer "A Day in Camp." Their camp life evidently consists mainly in the very rapid execution of a variety of hand-springs from all possible and impossible angles. There is some fair singing and some passable attempts at humour thrown in for good measure.

Elmer Cleve plays popular tunes very skillfully on the xylophone, but his attempt at operatic overtures, particularly the "William Tell," is more in the nature of acrobatics than music. Con Colleano, billed as the World's Greatest Wireist, seems to have a very fair claim to that title, and packs some good-sized thrills into his performance. "Willie Spinoh," presented by John Hyams, Leila McIntyre and Co., is a playlet with some good comedy and a surprising denouement. Miss Robbie Gordone contributes some very pleasing "living pictures." Stephens and Hollister in "The Passing Parade" hardly deserved the good reception which they received. The same is true of Coulter and Rose whose "Darktown Frolics" contains very few good moments. The inevitable Aesop's Fable and the United News complete the programme.

—O.K.

almost hear the moaning of the wind in the trees. It left the audience quite breathless and was certainly the finest effort of the afternoon.

More than a word should be said of Mr. Gendron's accompanying. He is one of those rare accompanists who infuse themselves with the spirit of whatever songs they play and who are in absolute sympathy with the artist. Mr. Gendron is altogether too good a pianist to spend much more of his career as an accompanist.

W. F. S.

## Slow Spring

O year, grow slowly. Exquisite,  
holy,

The days go on

With almonds showing the pink stars  
blowing,

And birds in the dawn.

Grow slowly, year, like a child that is  
dear,

Or a lamb that is mild,

By little steps, and by little skips,  
Like a lamb or a child.

—Katherine Tynan.

## LIV

WITH rue my heart is laden  
For golden friends I had,  
For many a rose-lipt maiden  
And many a lightfoot lad.

By brooks too broad for leaping  
The lightfoot boys are laid;  
The rose-lipt girls are sleeping  
In fields where roses fade.

—A. E. Housman



## The Sad Fate of Sherlock Holmes

by H. Bydwell.

ONE of the most interesting books to come to our notice recently is, without doubt Sir A. Conan Doyle's "Memories and Adventures." Here is a work that is surprising, illuminating, and disappointing.

"How base is man's ingratitude to man." In this autobiography, Sir A. Conan Doyle devotes but one apologetic chapter, out of thirty-two in the whole book, to the character of the man whom most of his readers adjudged his greatest literary creation—namely, Sherlock Holmes. This slighting treatment of our old friend and fireside companion invokes our humble protest, and, at the same time raises a great question. Do great authors always appreciate their greatest contributions? Milton thought "Paradise Regained" infinitely superior to "Paradise Lost," yet it is for "Paradise Lost" that posterity has immortalized his name.

Dr. Leacock, if questioned, might very possibly insist that his treatise on "The Gold Standard" was much better reading than "My Discovery of England," but for my part I prefer the latter.

Assuming that Conan Doyle dislikes Sherlock Holmes, there must be some strong reasons for his antipathy.

In Chapter XI of "Memories and Adventures," the author shows the grudge he bears him. The truth is that the great detective has become his creator's nemesis. In most of the countries of the civilized world Sherlock Holmes, has become a by-word for the ideal detective, and many credulous and well meaning people believe that Conan Doyle is merely one of his aliases.

This reflected glory must have been somewhat trying, as can be gathered from a few examples taken from the chapter headed "Sidelights on Sherlock Holmes." One of the stories which became current when Sherlock Holmes was at the height of his popularity, is of the woman who is supposed to have consulted Sherlock, as follows: "I am greatly puzzled, sir, in one week I have lost a motor horn, a brush, a box of golf balls, a dictionary and a boot jack. Can you explain it?" "Nothing simpler, madam," said Sherlock. "It is clear that your neighbour keeps a goat."

Upon another occasion when he was playing billiards, Dr. Doyle was handed a carefully wrapped packet of ordinary green chalk, by an attendant. Amused by the incident, he pocketed the chalk. Some months later, while rubbing the tip of his cue with one of the same pieces of chalk, the chalk suddenly crumbled, exposing in its interior a slip of paper with the words, "From Arsene Lupin to Sherlock Holmes."

So irritated did Dr. Doyle become at this and many other practical jokes played upon him that he decided to do something to decrease Sherlock's popularity. The climax came when a caddy, who had driven him to an hotel in Paris, gazing at him fixedly, remarked, "Dr. Doyle, I perceive from your appearance that you have been recently at Constantinople. I have reason to think also that you have been at Buda, and I perceive some indications that you were not far from Milan."

"Wonderful. Five francs for the secret of how you did it?"

"I looked at the labels posted on your trunk," said the astute caddy.

It now became abundantly clear that Sherlock was omnipresent. Something had to be done, so Sherlock was thrown over a cliff. It was thought for some time that he was dead, but it is hard to keep a

## Of Universities

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died Logic, which they supposed, wrongly, enabled them to think clearly; this I cannot defend, and I must even censure its survival today; and they studied Rhetoric, to enable them to indulge in the vice of preaching to others. But Philosophy seems the real centre of their interest, and for that they had no ulterior motive whatever. I should say, before going any further, that the horrible, decadent, mercenary, and entirely sordid Latin race, as represented by the Italians and Spaniards, and a large section of France, were not interested in this most elevating of studies; but the splendid, virile, honorable, and altogether unselfish Teutonic race, as represented by the Germans and English, and such peoples, was devoted to Philosophy, and in it achieved the most laudable heights of the utterly ridiculous. Now the study of Philosophy has, as we all know, survived, and like the more sordid art of Medicine, it seems to me that there is little fundamental difference between the Mediaeval and modern varieties. There may possibly be certain cynical persons among my readers, who will suggest that I don't know anything about Philosophy. As a matter of fact I don't; but then neither does anybody else. The thing has no real existence.

If, as I have said, there has been little change fundamentally in the practical studies, this is not true of the disinterested studies, which is entirely as it should be, and shows clearly the goodness of God. For is it not plain that the disinterested studies deserve to progress, while the practical most certainly do not. To-day we study History, which, you will all agree, is the sphere of the highest form of human striving; but lest you should go forth with vanity in your hearts, let me remind you, also, that we have descended to the depth of fatuity in making an academic study of Literature—an excellent thing, let me hasten to add for one's frivolous hours, but moth and rust if taken seriously. It is regrettable, also, that throughout the history of mankind, there has always been a certain element who have fallen to the worship of false gods and become decadent. To-day these persons prostitute their gifts in delving into the mysteries of man's lowest activities; I refer to those who study Economics. And, there are certain unhappy individuals who might once have been capable of good, but whose failure has filled them with remorse, and turned them to morbid introspection, and so, alas there is now in all universities a department of Psychology. But let us not dwell on those things lest we become unhappy; let us turn from the realm of studies, for the Truth is not in them, as my friend Coulborn would say.

—VESPAIANO.

## He Reproves the Curlew

O curlew, cry no more in the air,  
Or only to the waters in the west;  
Because your crying brings to my mind  
Passion dimmed eyes and long heavy hair  
That was shaken out over my breast:  
There is enough evil in the crying of wind.

—W. B. Yeats

good man down — especially commercial asset so lucrative as Sherlock Holmes; he survived the fall, but as some one rather unkindly remarked, "He has never been the same man since."

## OF TRUTH

(Continued from page one)

the hen and the egg is quite clear if one can only forget for a moment the silly truth that before the hen there must be an egg, and before the egg there must have been a hen. The important point is that there must in the beginning have been both hen and egg; otherwise how could the egg have been hatched? (Answer: In an incubator.)

Then there is the old controversy as to which is the greater, Shaw or Shakespeare. To get at the truth of this one must first read all Shakespeare, and since there are more than one document as source for many of his works, one must follow the true one. Then one must estimate how much of what Shakespeare said, he himself thought was the truth and then how much of that is truly true. Next one must select that which Shakespeare said, thinking it was not true, when it really was true, and make a true estimate of what, if any, fraction of that may be accredited to him as truth. Also it will be necessary to consider if there is in that which Shakespeare said was true, but was in truth not true, anything which may in some mysterious, but true, way be accredited to him as truth. Incidentally it may be necessary here to consider truly if it be possible to discover any truth which is truly true by this method, but if the answer—a true one—be in the affirmative, the three forms of the truth, may then be added together, truly of course, and the same process repeated truly for Shaw. At this stage the actor must ask himself if he be in truth a true man, true to himself, true to Shaw and true to Shakespeare. It is of course impossible to make a decision on this point since no man admits the truth about himself to himself. But this does not matter, truth like love will find a way. Let him proceed truly. Having weighed himself truly in true balances, he must then do the same for every other man who has read Shaw and Shakespeare, making quite sure that each one has gone through the same process truly. He has then gathered all his data and should proceed to revise it truly about twenty times, after which he may purge it, pasteurise it, homogenise it, emulsify it, and anything else he may happen to think of, and finally weigh the two sides of it (the Shaw side and the Shakespeare side) truly upon a balance which has been duly truly tested for its truth and the answer may be the truth, but on the other hand it may not, and in any case what the devil does it matter? I myself am greater and truer than either Shaw or Shakespeare.

## Knowledge

MEN say they know many things;  
But lo! they have taken wings.—  
The arts and sciences,  
And a thousand appliances;  
The wind that blows  
Is all that anybody knows.

—H. D. Thoreau

## O Western Wind

O western wind when wilt thou blow,  
That the small rain down can rain?  
Christ, that my love were in my arms  
And I in my bed again!

—Anonymous, 16th. Cent.

## The Passing Pageant

A REVIEW

Leviathan, by William Bolitho.  
New York: Harper & Brothers.

IN the production of a spectacular motion picture the various scenes are "shot" in any pell-mell order that convenience dictates; afterwards they are arranged in a logical sequence and woven together into one unified continuity. The essays and sketches which comprise William Bolitho's *Leviathan* are no uncorrelated scenes for some vast spectacle which should do justice to the drama and pathos, and hopelessness and hope of post war Europe. They form a singularly interesting book, a stimulating book, a book that even the most casual reader will find hard to lay aside until he has read it to the end. One is struck at once by the terse vigour of the style, by the scope and variety of its subject matter, by the air of romance which the author throws alike over dull, important, vital national affairs such as the French occupation of the Rhur and over such truly romantic, tragic little things as that heartbreaking moment at Newmarket when Ep'ward, the hope of France, lost by a neck.

*Leviathan* is something more than a book of essays, something less than a contemporary history of England and France; it is more than a series of historical sketches, less than a sketch of history. It is a series of strangely illuminating flashes, etchings of the spirit of our time, vivid little moving pictures of the new and disillusioned world that has survived the deluge. We stand outside Buckingham Palace and watch them changing guard—the State Ballet of the English—and reflect that the war dance of primeval savagery, though transformed and ennobled, is still a sacred rite; we stand among the crowd at the end of the Mall while the crystal coach of His Majesty King George the Fifth goes swaying down to Westminster where that puissant monarch will open with all ancient ritual the first Labour parliament; we are in Essen while the tragic farce of the French occupation is played out to no definite conclusion, and in Paris on that wild anxious day the franc broke. These last two sketches are clearly in the manner of Carlyle, and to have caught something of the air of suspense and suppressed excitement which characterises so many of the chapters in "The French Revolution" is no mean achievement for a present day essayist.

But because the fate of the nations and the loves and hates of peoples depend on little things, William Bolitho very rightly has not forgotten to record them in their place. Therefore we hobnob with beggars in the London streets, play Mah Jongg in the salons of two capitals; hearken to those who would save our worthless soul in Hyde Park from a soap box on Sunday night; hear the sound of the Zeitgeist in the wail of a saxophone; watch from an upper window the dance of the young old maids through the streets of Paris on Carnival night in honour of St. Catherine; and follow the cortege of the divine Sarah, not unmoved by the spectacle of her last, most tragic scene. Perhaps one of the most vigorous, and certainly to me the most absorbing sketch of all is the dramatic account of the Carpenter-Sold fight wherein "the mob crowns the ape."

—A.J.M.S.